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Judge

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NEXT!

JUDGE—"Now we will look into these two departments, which by some trickery always escape investigation, and yet are a great deal more rotten than the sheriff's office!"

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
Editor - - - I. M. GREGORY.

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BALLOT REFORM—The election of a Republican for governor of this state.

* * *

TO MR. FASSETT—Hugh to the line, my boy, let the chips fall where they may.

* * *

JULES SIMON is said to be surprised at the extent of the kaiser's knowledge. Where one anticipates nothing a little is a great deal.

* * *

THE TROUT CATCH on the first of April was unusually large. We have statistics to show that this is not so, but what are they in comparison with a man's word?

* * *

THE KAISER is said to be the author of a political pamphlet, and we have the information from private sources that he certainly edited the check necessary to pay the cost of it.

* * *

COLONEL INGERSOLL says he likes newspaper men because they tell things not as they are but as they ought to be. And that, to return the compliment, is just what the colonel does in his observations regarding the creation and the subsequent failures of the Almighty.

* * *

A GRAND DINNER in honor of Allen G. Thurman is to be given in New York on the thirteenth of next November, and Mr. Cleveland is one of its prime movers. We should think that Mr. Cleveland's previous success in immersing the old Roman in the objectionable fluid would fully satisfy him.

* * *

THEY HAVE innocent men in office in Rochester, N. Y. The treasurer of the city defaults in the sum of sixty thousand dollars, and, instead of accepting the advice of his friends and going abroad, confesses his sin and gets five years in state-prison. If he had defaulted against the taxpayers of this city it would have cost the latter twice the amount of the defalcation to get him to trial and give him his verdict of innocence.

ON A MUDDY DAY.

DONCASTER—"How 'd you do it, deah boy?"
TWEDLEY—"Since that horwid fashion came in of carwying canes ferwule-end up, I k-keep forgetting meself and sticking it in me mouth."

NO GREAT ARMY HERE.

WE SHALL never have the need of a standing army in this country as long as James G. Blaine's plan of a thorough understanding between the northern and southern portions of the continent prevails. Bear that in mind. It means untold millions in the pockets of the taxpayers that would otherwise go out of them. It means peace, prosperity, and the sweet consciousness that there is a total absence of danger. Look at Europe and its armies, and see how much of luxury, of personal independence, of political freedom, is involved in that simple statement.

ENGLISH THEORY AND AMERICAN FACT.

MR. GLADSTONE in his recent defense of free trade kindly suggested that it would be good policy for the people of the United States to avail themselves of their productive soil; to grow more largely food products and exchange for European manufactured goods. This advice, wise from the English standpoint, may not, however, be just the counsel to follow from ours. Let us see. The population of the United States is about sixty millions. Twenty-three millions of this number are counted as productive, and ten millions of the twenty-three are devoted to agricultural pursuits. Yet farmers who work wide acres and the longest days now receive less return on invested capital and expended force than men in any other calling.

The depression in the price of farms and farm products can not be claimed as a result of a protective tariff. The greatest agricultural prosperity known has been enjoyed since 1860, when a tariff "for revenue only" was displaced by one for protection. It cannot be on account of costs of transportation from farm to market, as these costs have been enormously diminished. It is not that land is less fertile. The product of new land and the returns from the older have not materially changed, as the yield for the ten years past averages higher rather than lower. Carefully gathered statistics show that large crops for two seasons in succession bring less total cash than smaller ones. Consumption rules prices, and an overplus product lowers them because of the impossibility of a sufficient, elastic, and absorbent market. There is more corn raised now than can be fed to the live stock of the United States. At its present prices it is cheaper for a far-western farmer to burn the crop of a few acres than to market it and use the avails for purchase of distant coal. It is foolish to consider it a waste to use corn for fuel. New York farmers considered it economy when, forty-five years ago, within sight of the Erie canal, oats sold for sixteen cents and corn for twenty cents per bushel.

During the period between 1850 and 1860 farms of the average size increased twenty per cent. faster than the population. The Crimean war, however, barred Russia from filling the European markets, and the additional waste of that great conflict absorbed our farm products at good prices. The war of the rebellion, lessening the forces on the farm and increasing the demand for its products to feed a million men in the field and replace the waste of war, kept prices for several years at a prosperous point. From 1870 to 1880 the tilled acreage was nearly double the proportionate increase of population. The remunerative prices of the previous years stimulated an undue increase of production. In 1885 the area sown to wheat alone was nearly fifteen million acres greater than in 1870. Since 1885, however, the acreage lessened through the depression of prices so that in 1889 there was but little more acreage of wheat than in 1880. In 1870 the number of acres in wheat was nineteen millions, and the average price was one dollar and four cents per bushel. In 1884 the acreage was thirty-nine and one-half millions, and the average price was sixty-five cents. It was estimated that the large crop, after deducting seed, labor, and transportation, netted the growers about seventy million dollars less than the smaller one. To-day we raise grain and meat enough to feed seventy-one millions more than the present total population of the United States.

Our only market for this excessive surplus is Great Britain. Yet the East Indies in fifteen years have increased their wheat export thirty-five million bushels, the Argentine republic fifteen, Australia twenty, to add to the sixty to seventy million bushels supplied by Russia to that single European market.

Our farmers are facing the inevitable result of a greater supply than demand, and find a new competitor in the rich lands of Hindoostan and in the gift-acreage of South America. Free trade would still further diminish our consuming population by driving it from factory to farm and stimulating the growth of more wheat and more beef instead of eating it.

Mr. Gladstone fully understands that English prosperity depends upon cheap food exchanged at low figures for English mineral and manufactures. We believe that our financial and material independence depends upon the diversified pursuits of mining, transportation, and manufacture, making the home market the consuming one.

A further helpfulness would come in restriction of immigration; a conservative instead of lavish marketing of government land; an intelligent attempt to raise to profit many agricultural products we now purchase. If there are three productive brick-yards on the Hudson river and the demand is only for the product of two, the third one pushing the market through pressure to realize at cost, or sometimes below, it results in establishing a losing figure for the other two. There is no difference as to the commodity offered, a slack demand or over-supply lowers prices below a possible profit.

J. A.

OVERHEARD IN ILLINOIS.

MRS. LAKESIDE (*a year after the divorce*)—"Pardon me, but I should like to ask one question."
MR. BEAVER—"I will answer it cheerfully, madam."
MRS. LAKESIDE—"Where did you use to buy me those mottled japonicas? Mr. Lakeside has promised me some and don't know where to find them."

MUTE TESTIMONY.

MISS HOKERS—"How long 's Mistah Loos be'n wearin' a spy-glass in he's eye?"
MR. LOFLEY—"Dat ain't a spy-glass. He got struck wiv a clam in d' suppah-room, an' 's leavin' hit in fer evidence."

THIS CONGRESS must pass a tariff bill. That is a duty without the slightest tariff on it.

* * *

SAM JONES says his ideal of a man is John the Baptist. We had thought of setting up Mr. Cleveland as our ideal; but, curiously enough, he lost his head too.

* * *

AT LAST accounts Senator Brice of Ohio was diligently inspecting a map of his state to discover the location of his several Ohio homes when he was living somewhere else.

* * *

GENERAL BUTLER is writing his memoirs. They will certainly be interesting. The general is the brainiest man in the country, but he has been too generous with his information. He has put so many ideas in his barrels that when he shot them off they came out at the breech instead of the muzzle.

THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL PROBLEM.

OUT WEST the great question is whether the bible shall be read in the public schools. Of course there is the old question as to which bible, and perhaps which creed and which catechism; but perhaps there can be a compromise which will include all bibles, all creeds, and all catechisms. We don't see how this is to be reached, people are so "set" in their religious opinions and so ready to fight for them and against the opinions of their religious opponents—and again if there is to be that compromise there will be no time for any other kind of education; but little things of that kind will perhaps regulate themselves. To save our soul we can't see how, you know; but there have been interpositions of Providence that have accomplished miracles of that kind.

AN EXPOSÉ.

REV. MR. WINKWUNK—"My hearers, I shall have to ask your indulgence for a few minutes. I forgot my manuscript and have sent my little boy for it."
HIS SON (*coming in*)—"Marm couldn't find the writin', but here's the book you copied it from."

WAIT A LITTLE.

A SCHEME to buy the Appomattox ground on which Lee surrendered to Grant and preserve it as a part of our most important history has advanced sufficiently to put the ground in the hands of speculators. It is undoubtedly a good investment for the speculators; but it will be better to let their great-grandchildren get the benefit of it. There has been talk of a monument to Grant, and with regard to Appomattox we cannot forget the remark of Mr. Cleveland—which will be as good a hundred years from now as it is to-day—"The soil still stands."

TO THE TAX-PAYING VOTER.

THERE OUGHT to be some practical reform as a result of the Fassett investigation. The developments are startling, but not more so than have been those of a number of investigations since the period of Mr. Tweed, and which were unaccountably stopped at their most critical periods—notably the inquiry into the affairs of the chamberlain's office about six years ago. The little that is known is merely a hint at the robbery that has been and is. The city is in the hands of professional robbers whose long experience has made them experts. They don't even have to run away. The prosecution that ought to follow investigation is either omitted or is of no avail. Mr. Tweed was wont to say, "What are you going to do about it?" The people have asked Tammany, "What are you going to do about it?" The JUDGE respectfully inquires of the people, "What are *you* going to do about it?"

OUT OF THE SILKEN BONDAGE.

TO A QUIET sort of hermit, rather out of fashion's pale,
There are slags of thought that glow in Lenten season;
And for many an observance made to suit the time of woe
He has been at loss to cudgel up a reason.

He is sure that it is proper, by ecclesiastic rule,
To allow the merry dance a long vacation;
But it puzzles and confuses when he's told by lips demure
That "a waltz at nine p. m. is adulation."

At an age so far behind him that he's sore in retrospect
He was taught that Lenten feed should be *cum grano*,
And that ashes wrapped in sackcloth made a satisfying meal
If the spirit did not grumble at the *menu*.

Now he's dazzled by the vision of a table—satin-girt,
As he stands without the groined marble casement,
And he's rattled and bewildered when he's told by lips demure
That "to dine without champagne is self-abasement."

As a hermit he has watched it, and he's glad it's come to pass
That the time for grave dissemble is now over;
A dinner is a dinner and a dance is now a dance,
While the snows of March have blossomed into clover.

But as he stops a moment to unfurl the flag of joy
And congratulate the one-time penitential
He is muddled and confuddled when he's told by lips demure
That "the change has really been inconsequential."

J. S. GOODWIN.

STRAWS SHOW, ETC.

VISITOR TO GALLERY—"I suppose the senator from Kentucky is composing a speech. See how pensive he looks."

THE SENATOR (*to page*)—"Don't take it away, sonny. You can fill her up again in a minute."

HUM OF THE COURT.

PROVERB in Germany—Put a youth in the kaiser's saddle and he will ride away from Bismarck.

TROY is going to have a cyclone. Anyhow, the *Times* of that city says Wiggins is a hoary-headed humbug.

A CLERGYMAN of Cleveland advertises his house as a nice place for weddings. Presently a house near by will be advertised as a nice place for divorces, and perhaps he can make a deal with the proprietor that will add to his enterprise and income.

IN THIS CITY a boy with a small bomb in his hip-pocket was spanked by his teacher. At least the young lady attempted the punishment and got in the first strike. The boy is still absent from school, and the teacher, quite the same as in a game of poker, is loth to show her hand. These are outlines for a dime novel treating especially of anarchists and the goddess of liberty.

AN ACTRESS who does business on the strength of her shape and good looks permits her agent to assure the inland press that she posed for the Bartholdi statue as it would appear when completed, and that "the committee having the matter in charge" went into various raptures over it. Perhaps if Bartholdi had had this fascinating lady to pose for him the statue would have been very different; but as things are it answers very well as an advertisement in the inland newspapers.

CITIZENS of Arizona petition for the acquisition from Mexico of certain territory that will give Arizona a deep-water port on the gulf of California. That doesn't go far enough. What they want is enough territory on the other side of the deep-water port to make the acquisition valuable; and having got that they will want Mexico in its entirety. That's the way these acquisitions work. Given the world, any aspiring association of men would immediately labor to get control of all the space outside of it.

A CARPET KNIGHT.

BRANIGAN—"Youse knows *me*, Killen. Me anchistors wor Oirish kings, an' sorra th' wan o' thim iver quailed phin they wor fightin' t' be done. Wasn't it me that hild th' bloody carner in Gittysbur-rg phin"——

KILLEN (*as the cork hits Branigan*)—"No; Oi'll *not* ring ter an ambylance an' sind fer a praste. Yez didn't nade thim in Gittysburg, an' yez won't git thim now."

OWED TO MY MOTHER-HUBBARD.

I.

THEE I salute, thou light and graceful gown;
Thou garment void of bustle hook or steel!
When I the cursèd garb of style can peel
Off from my frame and let thy folds fall down
In easy lines, unchecked by belt, the frown
My fair brow leaves; I smile once more and feel
New joy in life, I dance, I shout, I kneel
In earnest prayer to her whose high renown
Fills all the land. Oh, Mother H., thy name
Is dear to queen and serving-maid. The gift
Of this most comfortable gown outweighs
The wealth of mines, the laurel wreath of fame;
And grateful women clad in it shall lift
Their voices loud in joyous hymns of praise.

II.

Ah, that dear Hubbard, warm and soft and big;
How gladly would I wear it all the day!
The heavy sighs that rend my heart betray
My pain when forced to don another rig.
For fashion's dictates care I not a fig;
But if I wore it on the broad highway
Full well I know what tyrant man would say-
The creature wants all ease himself, the pig—
I know what smiles would pass from lip to lip,
Though meek my bearing and demure my face;
I hear the small boy shriek beyond control,
And ere I could one draught of freedom sip,
Close on my heels in red-hot, frantic chase
Would come policemen and the loud patrol.

GEORGIANA WASHINGTON.

THE LUXURY ACKNOWLEDGED.

HACKMAN (*in Captain Reilly's tenderloin precinct*)—"I've brought him in, sir."

SERGEANT—"I see you have. What has he done?"

HACKMAN—"I asked him where he wanted to go an' he said 'heaven,' an' I thought, puttin' two an' two together, sir, I'd fetch him here."

TEDDY SACHT—"Aw, Chawley, where are you going in such a huwwy?"

CHAWLEY SMITH—"I'm going home for my dog. There is a man dwowning in the wiver. Ta-ta."

HIS INTEREST IN IT.

"THE kind of stamps this government is issuing to the people of this country is simply an insult to their intelligence!" exclaimed a man in the cigar-store. "First, there was the sickly green, and now comes the inartistic red. It's an outrage, I say."

"How many letters have you sent away this week?" asked a quiet man with a clean collar.

"None. Why?"

"Have you written a letter in a month?"

"N-no; I don't think I have."

"In six months?"

"Well, perhaps not. Why?"

"Have you received a letter in that time, except perhaps one or two dunning you for bills long overdue?"

"See here, sir! why are you asking these questions?"

"But *have* you?"

"No, I haven't, if you must know; but why are you asking?"

"Oh, I just wanted to know about how much personal interest you had in this postage-stamp question. That's all."

W. H. S.

POETS are champions of truth,
With indignation's fire.
In every age on history's page
Mark how they "strike the lyre."

IN A STREET-CAR.

"'TIS such a great delight to me to mash the girls;
The maid may wear a straight-cut bang, she may wear curls,
I never met too shy a one to flirt with me—
The old, the young, the large, the small, as you shall see.
They can't resist my fascinating smile,
So now behold me in my rôle a little while.
The babe beyond reclining on her nurse's knee
Will soon begin a-smiling at coquettish me."

This conversation 'twixt two swells I overheard
And watched with interest intense what then occurred.
He donned his most enslaving smile, quite confident,
Persistently his melting glance at baby sent;
When smiles and dimples quickly wreathed the baby's face,
And tiny hand tossed off a kiss with cunning grace!

But when he left the car and beamed with victor's joy
The nurse laughed outright—said to me, "*The babe's a boy!*"

LENA GILBERT BROWN.

VAGUE LONGINGS.

PAUL (*watching the feed*)—"Say, Ginny."

VIRGINIA—"Umpah! Paul."

PAUL—"Doan' yo' wish mammy 'n pappy 'd go 'n die?"

THE ANGLER'S SERENADE.

SWEETHEART, linger at the casement
Of thy window far above,
While I pose before the basement,
Rendering my notes of love.
All day long I've fished and angled,
Casting here and there my hook;
From my line grasshoppers dangled,
Yet the fish my bait forsook.

Be to me some consolation
For the ill-success I've had;
Now afford me realization
Of thy love or I'll go mad!
Be a perch, a trout, a salmon;
Let me catch thee even now;
Pa's objections are but gammon;
I will love thee—hear my vow!

It is with some inconvenience
That I sing this serenade;
At thy woful lack of lenience
Weaker heart would be dismayed.
Warbling thus my homely ditties,
I am suffering much pain;
That I'm drenched through more the pity's
By this pitchforks-shower of rain.

Will you give me not a single
Token of encouragement?
It is clear my modest jingle
On your ears is vainly spent.
Surely homeward now I may go,
For you show no signs of life;
I have caught the dread lumbago,
Though I've failed to catch a wife!

ADDISON FLETCHER ANDREWS.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

IMPRESARIO—"Do you sing chest-notes?"
SIGNORA HARLEMOTTI—"No, sir! Everything in my reppytory is dead new."

A NOBLE NATURE.

JONES is a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and enters heart and soul into the work.

The other day a friend was complaining because he had been compelled to lodge in a room infested by fleas and had spent the night in trying to reduce their number.

"Poor things!" exclaimed Jones, all the milk of human kindness promptly bubbling up within him, "how you must have made them suffer."

SIGNS OF SPRING.

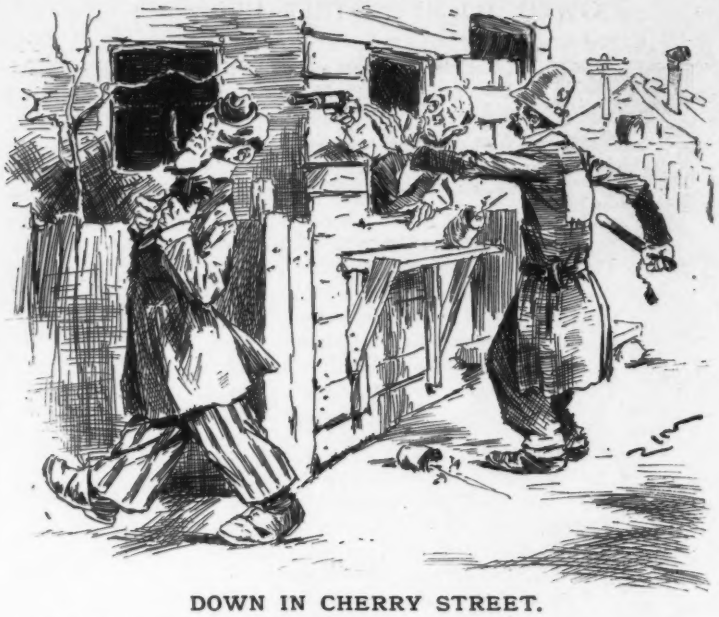
COME, let us to the park repair!
How many signs of spring we pass.
We see one here, we see one there:
"Keep off the grass!"—"Keep off the grass!"

GOOD FOR ANYTHING.

Margery (whose mother uses vaseline)—"I do wish I had some vaseline."

"And what does Margery want with that?"

Margery—"Oh, I jes' want it to heal the hole in my shoe."



DOWN IN CHERRY STREET.

POLICEMAN—"Drop that gun!"
MEHAFFY—"Oi'll shtand th' consequenches! Mike Tobin, an' him bor-rn in Oirelan' 's, been peeradin' th' block wid an' *Avenin' Sun* hat fer t'ree days, an' thot's bad enough. But phin he changes aff an' buys him a 'Nellie Bhly,' be gob, Oi've got t' hov a shot at it!"

NOT A SPENDTHRIFT.

"AND how do you sell your smiles?" asked Jones of old Mrs. Rougemup, who was presiding over a table at a fancy fair.

"A dollar apiece, sir; for the benefit of the poor."

"Well, my dear madam, as it's for a good cause you may give me fifty cents' worth."

TAKING HIS MEASURE.

Amy—"I would like to buy young Mr. Goslin a cane for a birthday present if I could only get his measure."

Mabel—"Why, how can a man be measured for a cane?"

Amy—"By taking the circumference of his mouth when open."

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

Sunday-school teacher—"Yes, children; love will do more than fear. Can any one give me an illustration of this truth?"

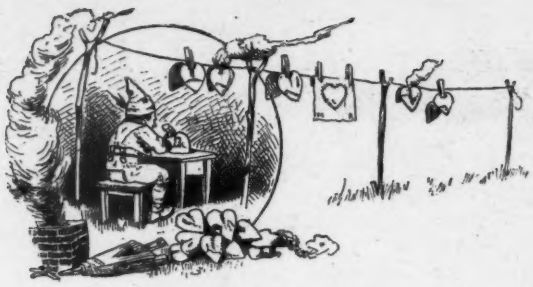
Johnny Jones—"If I love raspberry jam I'll get more of it than if I fear it."

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

IF YOU lend a man five dollars he simply gets that much in your debt; but if you allow him to wheedle you out of a hundred you've made him an enemy for life.

IN FRONT OF THE FUR STORE.

FIRST PASSER-BY—"What horrible hair that dog's got!"
SECOND PASSER-BY (*referring to first*)—"Plush!"
THIRD PASSER-BY (*referring to second*)—"Last year's seal-skin!"
THE FUR-DEALER (*referring to third*)—"English auction-coat!"



WHAT SHE DID NOT SAY.

"I WISH to tell you," she firmly said,
"Yes, once for all"—here she caught his eye—
"When faith is ended and hope is dead"—
She looked as if she would like to cry.

"Whatever of love—but that time is past,
That dream is over. You needn't speak,
The bitter truth you must know at last;
Oh! I will be strong though I have been weak.

"But now that you plainly understand"—
Her soft voice faltered, he drew more near—
"I need say no more"—here he caught her hand,
And the word he murmured was simply "Dear!"

And then, as a loving woman should,
She wept on his heart in the old sweet way,
And she said no more, but he understood,
Ah! better far, what she did *not* say.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

A CRISIS IN COLORADO.

THE sun was just rising over the snow-derbied peaks of the Sangre de Cristo—not so much because it found any profit in attending to business in that part of the country as because of a fixed habit of rising about daybreak. There was nothing unusual about this sunrise; nor yet about the other matutinal ryes which Wide-awake Hank was at the same moment assimilating as an orb-aperient. Not that Hank needed an eye-opener, either. The Utes, in a moment of mirth and abstraction, had eloped with his eyelids, so that he now slept with both eyes open—whence his sobriquet. It was mere force of habit with Hank also—and he was easily forced.

Having thus turned their rise in opposite directions, the two full orbs fell to work—the sun to scatter its rays and Hank to raise his scattered traps. Slinging his steel-trusty rifle across his shoulder and hitching up his buckskin breeches, the bold hunter toiled up the rocky cañon of Wagon creek, rapidly acquiring pants that were not buckskin, and the only hitch to which was in his lungs.

"Cain't chew no rag on this yer luck," grunted Hank, deftly extracting his third ermine from the second trap and buttoning its head through a buttonhole of his duck coat. And in truth there was no cause for complaint. Despite the circumambient winter, every trap had experienced an early spring, and Hank felt fully justified in removing their furs.

ON TOP OF THE HEAP.

KILLHILLEN—"Oi had t' do it, Garry."
HOOLEY—"Do phwat?"
KILLHILLEN—"You knows Oi'm dafe?"
HOOLEY—"Dafer than a shtone."
KILLHILLEN—"Well, Oi had t' kim down t' an ear-thrumpet; but Oi hov th' distinction av ownin' th' biggest wan in th' war-rd."

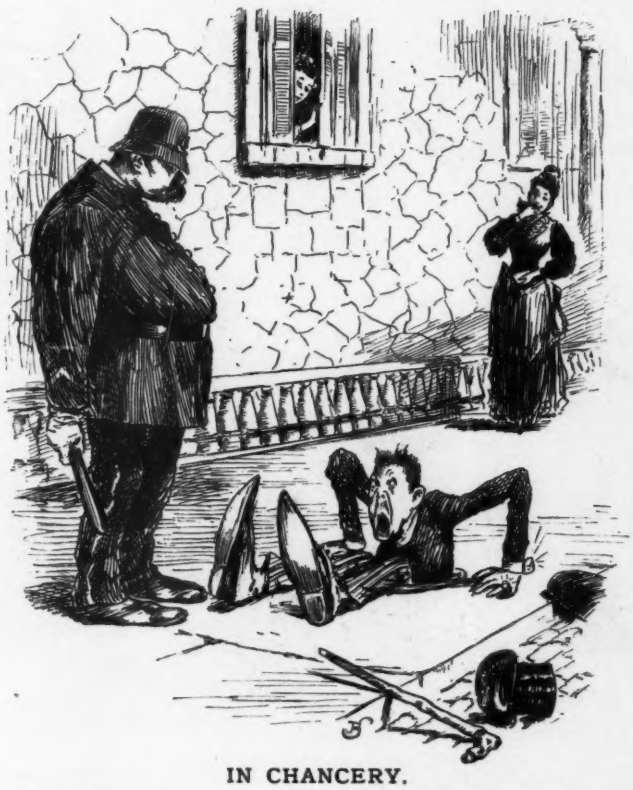
On, on up the frozen slope he strode, slightly daunted by the half-dozen bears and numerous smaller game now pendent from the various angles of his anatomy, but buoyed up by a strong will and two liberal legacies.

So the day wore on. The sun was just going down as Hank hastily pried open his last trap—bound not to let the sun get ahead of the old man on the setting business—and started for his little 'dobe-chinked cabin on the Trincheras, running down the steep trail like a village gossip.

But alas for the sturdy trapper! He had waited too long and was now traveling on the time of a special landslide which was running wild on the same track. Suddenly the ground trembled and a terrific roar filled his ears, after which contract the slide had to forego the pleasure of roaring the rest of its course. Hank was hurled violently to the earth, his hands clutching the rifle above his head. A seventeen-ton bowlder took up a homestead in his midst and trespassed upon his liver. The sudden attachment of his abdomen for his spine reminded him grimly of the time he was snowed up in the Greenhorns for sixteen days without a morsel. It was a crisis wherein the boldest might despair; but Hank had other matters too pressing to waste time. Brushing the death-dew from his forehead and discarding the rattle in his throat, he reached down into his boot and drew forth a phial of snowy globules. It was his supply of Muggins's big bile pills. [I fear there is a discrepancy about our hero's reaching down through that thirty-four thousand pounds of porphyry, but you must seek your redress from the proprietors of M. B. B. P.—I merely give the facts as they were stated to me.]

A hasty gulp and the dying man's eyes brightened. His liver reasserted itself, and the cowed bowlder slunk away to its lair while Hank hastened home to write an article on his miraculous escape for the leading magazines. It has satisfied the captious editorial critics and may be found in all of them—the magazines, not the critics—third page from the back cover.

C. F. LUMMIS.



IN CHANCERY.

OFFICER—"Stop your yellin'! You ain't killed, are yer?"
BIDLEY (*who has gone through a coal-hole*)—"N-no; but a servant-girl or a janitor or something is spanking me tewwibly!"

A UNANIMOUS ARRIVAL.

"WELL, I got there!" exclaimed Jaysmith, announcing a recent success.
"Yes; with all four feet," replied Cumso.

A NEW READING.

Bagley—"What a deliciously sweet face the head artist of the company has! They tell me that she earns an enormous salary and that her husband enjoys life without an exertion."

Bailey—"Yes; her face is his fortune."

A PRECEDENT FOR IT.

"WHY don't you ask the guests if they will have some?" asked Mrs. Gazzam of her husband, who was handing the pastry around in silence.
"Because we never speak as we pass pie."

THE STRIKE OF

THE MUSICIANS—"Major Grover, we ain't a-going to play this tune any more! The public is dead tired

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co. New York.

E OF ONE-TUNE BAND.

ead tired and of us, and we never could get any Harmony out of it anyhow! Give the people something fresh!"

"BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE."

IF YOU believe this little tale
Just come with me.
I know a nest not far from here,
A bowered nest with woodlet near
Where—you shall see.

A happy pair a year ago
They nested there.
Nor care nor strife could gain a lease
To enter in and banish peace
Where all was fair.

A month ago and all was changed;
But why the fuss?
The mother-bird her mother brought,
And father-bird new quarters sought—
'Twas ever thus.

G.

CROSS-LIGHTS.

A tight place—The bar-room.
Too often left—The right path.
A handicap—The Turkish fez.
A good boarder—The carpenter.
The world's fair—Lovely woman.
A short horse—The Shetland pony.
Before the footlights—Boots and shoes.
Wages of sin—The price of your laundry.
Doomed to the scaffold—The house-painter.
Making a note of it—Reaching the upper F.
Come to light long after it was discovered—Electricity.

M. S. B.

HOW HE WAS REMINDED.

"YOUR opinions remind me of a hundred-dollar bill."
"Ah! valuable, I suppose?"
"No; subject to change."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Young Goslin—"Mr. Roks, I wish—er—that is, I desire—er—the hand of your daughter."
Roks—"What's the matter with the rest of her?"

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

PEOPLE will take anything except advice.

To be effectual sympathy should be given as a draught—not applied externally.

Gratitude flows easily for things received. It is harder to give thanks for that withheld.

If the will-o'-the-wisp hope leads one into the bog occasionally, this much may be said of it—it rarely quite deserts one until the bog is crossed.

After all, the only real difference between laughing and crying is that in one case the corners of the mouth turn up, while in the other case they turn down.

Metaphysical lexicographers are unagreed as to whether jealousy is a base alloy of the gold of love, or whether it is a vein of gold which stamps as genuine the metal of love.

A little bitterness with the food, though it may not aid digestion, is still not bad for the soul. At any rate it is a sauce to which one is destined early to become accustomed.

What elders so uncompromisingly dub an overweening self-conceit in a young person may in truth be but a buoyant confidence in his own ability to do what others have failed to do.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

SHORT, BUT NOT SWEET.

LITTLE NODDIE (*catching up with them*)—"Jolly morning, isn't it?"
DUET—"It *was*."

THE HATCHET NOT BURIED.

VETERAN IN BLUE—"I can't be mistaken. Weren't you at Gaines's Mill?"
VETERAN IN GRAY—"I was."
VETERAN IN BLUE—"Weren't you shot through the left ear in a hand-to-hand conflict?"
VETERAN IN GRAY—"I was."
VETERAN IN BLUE—"I'm the man who did it."
VETERAN IN GRAY—"Well, I've been lookin' fer you fer 'bout twenty-seven years, you mink-hearted buzzard, you!"

Algy (at the door)—"Is Miss Giddy at home?" *The new girl*—"Be youse Mr. White or Mr. Black?" *Algy*—"Mr. Black." *The new girl*—"Thin O'im to tell yez that she *is* at home, sor. Come in!"—*New York Sun.*

Miss Gotham—"Why do those westerners call eastern people tenderfeet?" *Returned tourist*—"Because eastern people can't walk forty miles into the country to look at a ten thousand dollar suburban lot without feeling tired."—*New York Weekly.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The rose and lily side by side
Were in a bouquet pent;
"Ah!" the rose exclaimed, "you're fair to see."
And the lily said, "Of course, tee hee!
But you cannot borrow aught from me,
For I haven't got a scent."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

LICKING A MAN SOFTLY.

Two men met on Sixth street, near High, the other day, and both stopped and looked hard at each other. Then one said:

"Jim, I'm going to lick you."

"When?"

"Right off—now."

"I don't believe you can do it."

"Then I'll die trying. It shall be a fair fight."

"Very well."

Then one took out his false teeth and laid them on the fence, the other hung his new hat and overcoat on a picket, and the first observed:

"Be careful of my left leg, Tom. I've had a boil there."

"All right; and you look out for my right ear, as it is sore from neuralgia."

At this moment a policeman happened along and warned them against raising any row, and one said:

"All right, Jim; I'll lick you next week."

"I'll be there, Tom. Good-bye."—*Free Press.*

PAXI —10— CENTS PER PACKAGE.
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We suppose it is King Gambrinus to whom we hear occasional reference as "his royal jags."—*Binghamton Leader.*

"Throw physic to the dogs," and use Angostura Bitters for good digestion and a healthy appetite. Sole M'f'rs, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Tonsorial artist (insinuatingly)—"But your hair, sir, comes clear down to your coat-collar." *Stubborn victim*—"In that case I'll have the coat-collar cut down."—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

Old Cocktails (drinking a good stiff glass just after dinner)—"Ah! that's the stuff. It is funny, but I never feel an appetite for dinner unless I take a drink afterward."—*New York Tribune.*

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE
Champagne is "Cabinet Sekt," of Kloss & Foerster, Freyburg. Thomsen & Co., 87 Wall st., sole agents.

THE LOST CHORD FOUND.

We stood alone in the choir loft,
By the organ tall and grim,
While over the keys her fingers
Followed her own sweet whim;
I spoke of the coming parting
And pleaded one farewell kiss,
But her modest wish forbade me
Lest the sexton old might list.
Then I struck on the organ a strong, full chord,
And ere its echoes died,
In the twilight dim of the old gray church
I kissed my promised bride.

We stood again at the organ,
When many years had fled;
But she thought me cold and heartless,
And I thought her old love dead.
I spoke of our last fond parting,
Of the chord and its tender tide,
And how, like the sound of that music,
Our love had throbbed and died;
Then my heart leaped up with a great, glad bound
And forgot its recent pain,
For she blushed and, dropping her lashes, said,
"Could you find me that chord again?"
—*New York Mercury.*

TRY "REX WHEAT" AND SEE
why every day scores of people whose grocers "don't keep it" take the trouble to come way down to 45 Pearl street for it. A new article, but already famous.

We hope that it was not a Boston girl who remarked, as she looked upon some specimens of that animal which is supposed to flourish in Chicago, "Oh, just see the sweet little pigmies!"—*Boston Post.*

MARIE BRIZARD AND ROGER CORDIALS
are pronounced by all connoisseurs to be the most popular after-dinner drink of Europe and America. Branch house, T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

Loto knocked his head against the edge of the table, without, however, being much, if any, the worse. "And you didn't cry?" asked his fond mother. "No-o-o!" replied the little fellow, "there was nobody round to hear me."—*Le Rappel.*

THE NEW HOLLENDEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the most magnificent hotel in the west. American and European plans.

Baldness has its suggestive side even to the infantile mind. Little Roger was frequently treated by his father to a "pig-back" ride on the descent to the breakfast-room. As the little fellow was mounting to his customary place one morning, he was seized with an idea as he came into close proximity with the bald pate of his sire, and rubbing his hand over its glossy surface he exclaimed, "Moon, papa, moon!"

"Smith is a man of very striking characteristics." "Yes; he strikes me for a loan every time he sees me."—*Washington Post.*

A woman doesn't mean half the wicked things she says, and a man does not say half the wicked things he means.—*Atchison Globe.*

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made, whether taken pure or with wines or liquors.

Tailor—"Married or unmarried, Mr. Watson?" *Customer*—"Married." *Tailor* (to cutter)—"One pocket concealed in vest." *Customer*—"Eh! what's that for?" *Tailor*—"To hide your small change, sir. I'm married myself."—*Morning Journal.*

Judge—"You've been earning something; I can't understand how it is you have failed to satisfy your creditors?" *Insolvent debtor*—"I have nine reasons for acting as I have done: A wife, a mother-in-law, six children, an empty purse—total nine."—*Il Carlino.*

Glaggerty—"Hello, Binsted! What's this new fad you've taken up? I notice that you have all your letter-paper headed, 'This letter is speled acording tu the principls of fonetic reform.' Are you a crank on spelling reform?" *Binsted*—"Not much. But, you see, old man, my early education was neglected, and I can't spell worth a cent anyhow."—*Exchange.*

"Can you," remarked the gentleman from Boston to the gentleman from Chicago, "give me your views on current art?" "Certainly; with pleasure," was the answer. "A currant tart is a mighty good thing. The crust should be made very short and the currant jelly" —— But here the gentleman from Chicago was met with a cold and pallid stare for an instant. A copy of Browning dropped on the floor, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles lay at his feet, there was a rush of flying footsteps, followed by a hoarse cry from the deck of the Lake Michigan steamer of "Man overboard!" And the gentleman from Boston had vanished.—*Peoria, Ill., Transcript.*

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THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

The auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud and clear
He poured his cataract of words—just like an auctioneer.
An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mortgagee
Was bound to get his money back and pay his lawyer's fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer;
His horse-play raised the loud guffaw and brought the answering jeer.
He scattered round his jokes, like rain, on the unjust and the just;
Sam Sleeman said he "laffed so much he thought thet he would bust."

He knocked down bureaus, beds and stoves and clocks and chandeliers,
And a grand piano which he swore would "last a thousand years;"
He rattled out the crockery and sold the silverware—
At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's chair.

"How much? how much? come, make a bid. Is all your money spent?"
And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid "one cent."
Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,
Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My poor, dead baby's chair!"

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the softened auctioneer;
"I know its value all too well—my baby died last year—
And if the owner of the chair, our friend the mortgagee,
Objects to this proceeding let him send the bill to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shamefaced from his audience to brush away a tear;
The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tearless eye was there,
When the weeping woman reached and took her little baby's chair.

—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

When Senator Blair was told the other day that the river Amazon had ten mouths he turned green with jealousy.—*Press.*

'Tis wrong to waste your fragance on the desert air or your money on foreign wine when the Pleasant Valley Wine Co.'s "Great Western" is so good and so reasonable.

A magazinist inquires, "Is there a to-morrow?" Candidly, we don't know. If there is one it's up in the workshop and isn't ready for use yet.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

The Greenway Brewing Company make a special feature of still ales, believing that there is a large class in the United States who appreciate its healthfulness and fine flavor. It is put up in the same careful manner and is equal to the best still ales of England.

Two college boys were guessing each other's ages. "To judge by your immature and amateur jokes, you're about sixteen," said Bill. "To judge by your antique and mossy jests, you're about two hundred," replied Bob, and honors were easy.—*Providence Telegram.*

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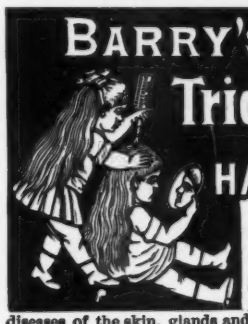

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LOST.

'Twas a summer ago when he left me here—
A summer of smiles with never a tear,
'Till I said to him with a sob, my dear—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night!
And my cheeks for him flushed red and white
When first he called me his heart's delight—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine
And drank of my love as men drink wine—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

And never a night, as I knelt in prayer,
In a gown as white as our own souls were,
But in fancy he came and he kissed me there—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

But now, oh God! what an empty place
My whole heart is! Of the old embrace
And the kiss I loved there lives no trace—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

He sailed not over the stormy sea;
And he went not down in the waves—not he—
But, oh, he is lost—for he married me—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,
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A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.—*Christian Register.*

The person who is much given to criticising the faults of others must expect to meet with a sharp rejoinder occasionally. A man of this sort, who was often as foolish as he was pretentious, was once asked this question: "Don't you spend a great deal of your time in denying other people's intelligence?" "Yes," said the boaster, "I go around putting the dunce-cap on other people's heads." "Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?" asked the other quietly.—*Youth's Companion.*

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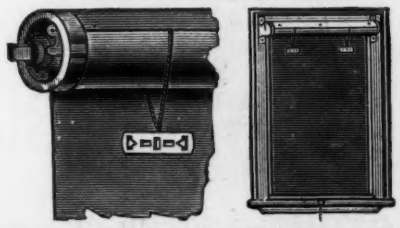
Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



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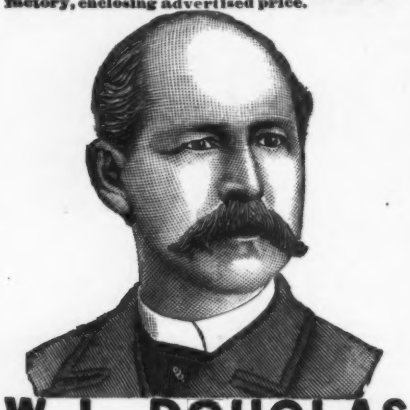

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Radically cures

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PETERS WON THE BET.

When a man gets sick or meets with an accident in a Canadian lumber camp he neither expects nor receives anything like good nursing. If he is patient the men will do what they can but if he shows a disposition to whine he is not considered worth any extra trouble. At Camp "B" two or three winters ago a man named Peters was hurt by a falling tree—badly hurt. The camp was forty miles from a town or doctor, the snow three feet deep, and all they could do was to rub the man with whisky and put him in his bunk. While no bones were broken, it seemed certain that he was internally injured, and that he could not live beyond a day or two. Business was driving and there were no men to spare, and after Peters had been rubbed down the boss said:

"Now, Peters, you understand how it is; you'll probably die."

"Yes."

"Probably die within twenty-four hours."

"Yes."

"And so, you see, anything extra will be a dead loss to me."

"I see; but in case I die you'll have manners enough to knock the men off for half a day, won't you? I also want a good square grave."

"But, Peters, we are rushed, and to do that will cost me fifty dollars' worth of time."

"How much will you give me not to die?"

"I'll say thirty-five dollars—that is if you'll forego a funeral if you do die."

"That looks fair," said Peters, after a little thought, "and I'll do it. Shake."

They shook; and Peters set his teeth hard and determined to live. His only medicines were kerosene oil, whisky and vinegar, and his only delicacies fat pork and bean soup; but in three weeks he was out and at work.

"Couldn't you make it thirty dollars?" asked the boss as he came to settle.

"For why?"

"Because if you had died I should have had to wrap the body in a three-dollar blanket, and the boys would have insisted on a drink all around after the job."

"Couldn't possibly think of it," replied Peters. "After I made the bargain with you I found three broken ribs and I had to splice and grow 'em extra."—*New York Sun.*

TEXAS SIFTINGS' OFFER

of a Webster's Dictionary free should find many takers. Read it in another column.

One icy night Charlotte Cushman and Lawrence Barrett came out of the theatre together. The steps were dangerously slippery, and it was with difficulty that they kept their feet at all. As they totteringly descended, the great actress said to her companion, quite in her Lady Macbeth manner, "Take a good grip of my arm, Lawrence, and if I slip hold on like grim death; but if you slip in the name of heaven let go!"

Two lovers lean on the garden-gate;
The hour is late.

At a chamber-window her father stands
And rubs his hands.

For a while he watches them unawares,
Then goes down stairs.

He looses the dog from his iron chain—
The rest is plain.

The moonlight silvers the garden-gate;
The hour is late.

—*Somerville Journal.*

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In a theatre in Ashton, England, during the performance of a melodrama an excited woman threw her bonnet at the "villain" on the stage, who was strangling one of the characters. The applause following her action was uproarious, the most of it coming from the gentlemen who sat immediately in the rear of the bonnet.—*Norristown Herald.*

The *Herald* says: "It's a mighty mean man who would break into a printing-office and rob the safe, but far baser depravity is shown by the man who will steal an editor's shirt from the clothes-line while the victim is eating supper in fancied security. Such was the unenviable experience of the *Herald* city editor last evening." That experience ought to teach you not to take your shirt off when you eat supper.—*Clinton (Iowa) Age.*

The Rev. Brooke Herford told a good story in his address at Cambridge the other night. A north of England bishop had among his p... 'oners a worthy but rather rough fellow who was in the habit of using a good deal of profanity in his speech. Upon being remonstrated with he exclaimed, "Well, d——n it, I say what I mean, and I believe in calling a spade a spade." "Indeed," replied the bishop; "I thought you would call it a d——d old shovel."—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

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